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# MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

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THE two most interesting missionaries in China, on the occasion of my first visit, were Professor Wells Williams, who subsequently enriched Yale University by accepting a professorship there, and Father Palladius, an Archimandrite of the Greek Church who had charge of the Russian mission at Peking. Williams's book on China is still standard authority, and the contributions of Palladius to his government are no less important, though unfortunately they are accessible only to those who read either Russian or German. Both men are now dead, but they represent, each in his sphere, two different sets of ideas in the missionary field.

When I first met him, the Greek Archimandrite had been forty years in Peking, and had never been anywhere else, excepting for two caravan journeys to Russia. He was an elderly gentleman, with a smile like Benjamin Franklin's, and was famed at the Chinese capital for keeping the best wines and the best tobacco. He was a bachelor, and to-day I recall him when I try to fancy Epicurus in the body. He wore the Chinese pigtail and clothes to match, and people said he could give Chinese mandarins points on etiquette. He gave me, at least, many happy hours, for he talked with a frankness and facility rarely united in a Russian, least of all an Archimandrite. One day, for instance, I asked him bluntly how many converts he had made. He answered that he thought he had made one, but he did not wish to be taken as stating this positively. When I returned to China after an interval of twenty-one years, all my inquiries led me to respect the honesty of this Russian. He said, furthermore: "I have been here forty years, and perhaps I have converted one Chinaman. When missionaries tell you that they have done more than that, do not believe them."

Father Palladius seemed to me not merely an epicure, but a trifle cynical in the things of his own profession. He seemed devoid of that happy enthusiasm which enables some people to delight in illusion. For instance, the present Admiral Holland told me he had a boatswain who was a noble Christian Chinaman. That Christian boatswain was quoted in missionary circles all about Hong Kong and up the Yangtze River. The mouth of the scoffer was closed by that one convert for many months. The authority exercised by Admiral Holland over the mind of every white man, both merchant and missionary, was such that from Singapore to Hakodadi the work of evangelization received a perceptible boom through this one alleged convert. Every missionary in China owed him a handsome present—at least for a time. But Admiral Holland has returned to England, and the Chinese boatswain has turned out to be no more Christian than the sacred tooth of Buddha.

It is dreadfully baffling to ask questions about missionaries from one end of China to another, and then try to form any coherent conclusions. One might almost as well invite opinions about the Jews as a class. And, strange to say, this divergence of opinion is to be found exactly amongst those whose long residence amongst the Chinese entitles them to be regarded as respectable witnesses. To get thoroughly warmed up in the cause of converting John Chinaman, one must go to Temple Hill, near Chefoo, and talk with Dr. Corbett. He has worked in China almost as long as had Father Palladius when I first knew him. Dr. Corbett is a splendid type of American, dressed exactly as though in his native New England. He wears a long beard, looks about six feet in height, and his eyes sparkle with humor. His wife has been trained in the hospital service and helps him on the medical side of his mission. He welcomed me to a home equipped for family happiness on the Anglo-American plan, not the least important item being the prattle of his children. One must have been alone in China to understand the gratitude of a white man unexpectedly rescued from the depressing surroundings of Chinese travel, and permitted to sit down in a homelike family circle. Dr. Corbett told me that China was being rapidly prepared for a grand Christian awakening; that he and his colleagues had made a large number of converts, but that there were still more who were restrained from avowing their faith because

they feared evil consequences from a social and political point of view. This was told me in the autumn of 1898, and I had heard the same thing at the same place in 1876. Now, Dr. Corbett is a practical worker and had cultivated this field for thirty-six years. He assured me that in that time he had noticed a great improvement in Shantung; that the natives had laid aside much of the hostility which they formerly showed toward strangers. For instance, in his early days such was the hatred of the foreigner that inn-keepers barred their gates when they saw a white man approaching. "To secure a night's lodging," said Dr. Corbett, "I would have to send my baggage and servants ahead, and only appear myself when these had been installed and my room practically engaged."

It is not often that we find the Chinaman outwitted by the white man, least of all by the missionary. "Now," said Dr. Corbett, "I travel up and down Shantung, visiting our different stations, and am received like any other traveller."

He took me over the schools of the mission, and enlarged with satisfaction upon the numbers who went forth to spread the light of the white man's civilization, if not Bible doctrine. Dr. Corbett believes that the Chinese who come to him do so from a pure love of religion. For my own part, I am inclined to think that Dr. Corbett's success is due mainly to his own persuasive personality; to his thorough knowledge of Chinese custom; and, above all, to the fact that in his schools the alleged converts receive an education which is of great practical value to them as merchants or mechanics. It is impossible to suppose that any Chinaman, after receiving the material benefits conferred by the missionary school, should go back to his fellows unmodified. A course in mechanics, arithmetic, history and philosophy, coupled with some practical demonstrations in the field of chemistry, must leave its impression on the mind even of a Celestial. But those who know the devious mind of that strange yellow creature consider him capable of pretending Christianity to the missionaries just as long as he can draw a profit therefrom.

At Chefoo, I had the pleasure of meeting several Protestant missionaries, amongst them Miss Downing, whom I had known in the same place and at the same work twenty-two years before. There are about a hundred and sixty American missionaries in Shantung, and to judge by those at Chefoo, their work is earnest

and animated by an enthusiastic belief in the ultimate evangelization of China. One afternoon I was invited to address a prayer-meeting, where a large roomful of English and American missionaries of both sexes were gathered together, a few in Chinese garb. I felt horribly out of place; but yet I was enormously impressed by the courage and devotion to a lofty ideal stamped upon the faces about me. There are all sorts of missionaries in China, and of them all those typified by Dr. Corbett have the most spiritual vitality. His is the religion of the Puritan who preaches the Saviour crucified, and moves the human heart by truth and truth alone. The men of his mission will preach to Chinamen as to a New England audience, or as our Saviour preached by the Sea of Galilee. A blessing goes with such brave efforts, whether the reward be success or death at the hands of a Chinese mob.

My old friend Palladius called the American missionaries at Chefoo enthusiastic babies. My American friends regarded the Russian Archimandrite as a cynical fox.

Of course, I visited the Jesuit mission at Zickawei to see what changes a quarter of a century had wrought in that place. There were some new faces, but the spirit was unchanged. Chinese orphans, or rather foundlings, were being brought up to useful trades in this vast, missionary machine shop. Beautiful altar-pieces, representing Christian saints, were being chiselled by Chinese boys, who would probably soon be burning Joss-sticks to their favorite idols. The good Father pointed out some charred remains of church furniture, and told me the story of how the Chinese mob had set fire to their church, after killing and maiming some of the congregation. In China one becomes accustomed to this chronicle of murder, which is a symptom of the chronic war between mandarin and missionary. I have forgotten the name of the place where this particular massacre happened, nor can I remember the dozens like it. It would surprise the abstract Chinaman, however, to learn that these fragments of charred saints, so far from discouraging further missionary effort, only heighten the zeal of those volunteering for a like risk.

The Jesuit fathers were mainly French, though I had chats with one or two from Bavaria and the Rhine. They wore the Chinese queue and long robes, such as the local men of learning affect. The Jesuits have from the very beginning of their missionary efforts adopted the policy of beating the Chinaman on his

own ground; challenging his respect by a show of learning, not merely in the sciences of Europe, but also in the classics of Confucius. Dr. Corbett, on the contrary, and with him most Evangelical workers, are opposed to imitating the Chinese in their dress or in anything which implies a lowering of the missionary to their level. The Bible Christian will make no pact with heathen philosophy, whereas the disciple of Loyola will conclude any bargain by which he may gain ever so small an advance upon the enemy.

On the occasion of my first visit to Zickawei, I was in company with the French minister at Peking, and the priests entertained us with food and wine which rivalled those of Father Palladius. Standing at the window, I looked out upon a flat landscape emphasized by a small elevation on the horizon. I asked the priest what that was. He answered that it was the shrine of a saint, and that the Chinese Christians made pilgrimages thither once a year. When I pressed him to tell how he managed to get Christian saints at this place, he shrugged his shoulders, smiled pleasantly, and remarked that, as the Chinese enjoyed gatherings and gongs and banners and such tom-foolery, the missionaries had been compelled to create this pilgrimage or discourage Christianity. Hence this shrine.

In the courtyard he showed me a beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary, with two Chinese in native garb kneeling below. The Virgin was not in Chinese dress, but I suppose that will come in time.

This missionary institution has a school of architecture, where designs are made for Catholic buildings throughout China. Large numbers of books are printed here, all the work being done by Chinese foundlings, under the superintendence of the white priests. Wood-cutting and lithography are taught, also printing in color. Some lurid posters were shown to me, which were destined to hang up in Chinese Christian chapels. Their purpose was to discourage the bad Chinamen and stimulate the good ones. One poster represented the death-bed of the bad Chinaman, whose wickedness was attested by the opium pipe and the gaming dice at his bedside. A black devil, with horns, tail and wings, had fastened an iron collar around his neck, to which was linked a long iron chain. Dragons were rising from a hole in the ground, likewise monstrous flames. The black devil was pro-

ceeding to drag the screaming and resisting wicked Chinaman to the flaming hole in the floor, while his wife and children looked on in distress. At the top of the picture was seated our Saviour, with Chinese slippers on his feet, and an expression on his face that was enough like that of a mandarin to please the average convert. Some angels with Chinese slippers were flitting about, chasing devils.

The pendant to this was the death of a good Chinaman, where the devil looked very much discouraged as he disappeared down a flaming trapdoor in the foreground. An angel in Chinese slippers was watching by the bedside, and above was represented a Chinaman in full official dress, kneeling on clouds before some Christian figures, whom I took to represent Saint Joseph, the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour.

Two of these pious posters were devoted respectively to Heaven and Hell. To a Chinaman, Hell is a pretty simple conception, which is refreshed every day in his daily walks about his native town, and whenever a criminal court is in session. The hell-poster, therefore, merely outdid Dante in the matter of snakes and devils tormenting wretches already crazy with suffering. The poster of Heaven was more subtle. There was a choir of slanting-eyed angels, beating gongs, tom-toms and many other instruments vaguely hinted at. In the background were enthroned the Creator and our Saviour, though the chief object of adoration appeared to be the Virgin Mary. In the foreground were a dozen or so happy faces of saints, amongst which were emperors, kings, popes, bishops, and—more conspicuous than any—two Chinamen. For the sake of local prejudice, the women were bunched separate from the men.

These posters were doing duty in 1876 and are so popular to-day that they are constantly reproduced at the mission.

The foundlings I saw were mostly scrofulous. Father Beck, a Bavarian, told me this was a common complaint all over China.

The Jesuits were the pioneer missionaries in China, and to-day do a great work. But now, as then, their success lies not in preaching things spiritual, so much as in demonstrating the power of the white man as compared to the yellow. Every sailor-man in the Far East has gratitude toward the Jesuits of Zickawei, because they tell him when to expect bad weather. The Fathers have a well-equipped observatory connected by wire with many

stations in the Eastern Seas, and thus they can foretell the arrival of typhoons. It is a Jesuit priest who observes the sun, and at exactly twelve o'clock touches an electric button to move the time-ball by which Shanghai Harbor corrects her ships' chronometers.

I was shown a transit instrument made in New York, and a full line of reports of the Smithsonian Institute, the United States Weather Bureau, and other scientific bodies. On the walls were portraits of famous Jesuit missionaries, amongst them Ricci, Schall, and Verbiest, all in the gaudy dress of Chinese grandees. In the adjoining room a Chinese convert was working out typhoon probabilities, while in the yard below sore-headed foundlings were playing about the feet of the Virgin Mary. It was a weird picture this—the co-operation of science and Roman Catholicism for the overthrow of Buddha and Confucius.

The Bavarian priest was a jolly man all round. Like his brethren, he had come here, under vows of poverty and celibacy, to spend his whole life in the service of people who wished him ill in his work. He talked merrily about the relative merits of Munich beer while expecting at any moment an order to proceed to a station where life was highly insecure.

The Jesuit has, of course, only contempt for evangelical methods. He regards the Chinaman as a creature essentially different from the white man, and consequently as one whose senses and emotions must be differently awakened. The idea of a Christian revival in China, on the plan of the Methodist camp-meeting, is regarded by him as absurd. He proposes not to revolutionize, but merely to modify what already exists. As the early Christian Church absorbed amongst the Romans many heathen names and customs, so, in China, the Jesuits, from the days of Ricci to our own, have sought, not so much to expel the local religions as to Romanize them, if not Christianize them. The Jesuit finds much that is admirable in Buddha and Confucius; nor does he deny the possibility of a Chinaman's being a valuable convert and yet burning Joss-sticks at the graves of his ancestors. The Jesuit tells the learned Chinaman that Confucius was practically a Christian so far as his moral philosophy is concerned, and that Buddhism has many good points; but that the Roman Catholic is the religion which embodies what is good in every system, with the additional advantage of having expelled what was idolatrous.



In the days of the early Jesuits this line of argument was fairly successful, but nowadays so strong has the feeling against foreigners become that the Chinaman is inclined to stick to his own gods merely because they are Chinese, and to distrust the gods of other nations merely because they are of the foreigner.

The American missionaries have the hardest time of any, because they are so much at the mercy of their Consul. Our Consul in the Far East represents to the American merchant and missionary the whole round of governmental functions, civil, military, and even ecclesiastical. Mr. Fowler, of Chefoo, told me that he was the only one out of eleven American Consuls in China who had been in that position more than a year. If a missionary wishes to make a will, to do any legal act, to obtain redress at law, the American Consul is his judge. If a missionary desires to marry, as often happens, he has to come to the Consulate. This is sometimes embarrassing, for missionaries are not rich, as a rule, and travelling in China is apt to be injurious to health, if not dangerous to personal safety. Imagine an American lady, perhaps a thousand miles from an American Consulate, compelled to travel under the horrible conditions prevailing in China in order to be declared legally married. We in America naturally ask, why another missionary, an ordained clergyman, could not marry them. United States law has, in China, at least, been construed in the manner most likely to swell the fees of the Consul.

The Rev. Dr. Sims, while I was in China, protested against being compelled to make long and dangerous journeys through China for matrimonial purposes. He stated that Dr. King, at Tai-an-foo, when engaged to Miss Knight of the same city, had been required to go to Chinkiang, under their protest, to be married. On their return up the Grand Canal, she took small-pox and died within one week after reaching home.

In another instance, equally well authenticated, the Rev. Dr. Royall and Miss Sullivan were married by a fellow-missionary, after having obtained the consent of the Consul-General at Shanghai. Some time after the marriage, however, this same Consul coolly informed them that he had been mistaken, and that they must come to the Consulate at Shanghai and go through the ceremony over again.

Please imagine the feelings of Miss Sullivan, thus charged by the highest legal tribunal with having lived with a man **who was**

not her husband! This so affected the young lady that her life at one time was deemed in danger.

The Rev. Mr. Blaylock and Miss Humphries, who were married at Tai-an-foo by a brother missionary before about eighteen English and American witnesses, were subsequently informed that they were illegally united, and must proceed to do the thing over again before our Consul in Shanghai. They did so at great cost and personal risk. In returning up the Grand Canal, so said the Rev. Dr. Sims, Mr. Blaylock was taken seriously ill, was kept a year in bed at Chin-an-foo, and managed to reach home with extreme difficulty. He is now in America, a physical wreck.

The Rev. Mr. Hudson had gone with his betrothed to Chin-kiang. On their return Mr. Hudson was attacked by robbers, and narrowly escaped with his life.

The history of evangelical mission-work in China is a painful chronicle of persecution, nobly sustained by a large body of devoted men and women frequently poorly equipped for their work, and always inadequately organized. If all Christian missionaries could unite under one head and proceed upon some coherent plan of operations, the result would no doubt be better. At present, the Chinese marvel at the lack of unity amongst Christians, particularly when a Catholic chapel opens its doors close to a Baptist meeting-house, and the ministers of each tell the Chinese that their particular faith only is efficacious.

The missionary has in China to combat a vast volume of inherited conceit and prejudice. He has to deal with Orientals conscious of a historic sequence longer than that of any white dynasty, full of triumphs in the domain of science, and rich in philosophy. The Chinese stood at the head of civilization when Europe was but a barbarous province. Hundreds of inventions are claimed by the Chinese at a period when the learning of Europe was monopolized by a handful of monks. The Chinaman despises the profession of arms, and so far he knows of Europe little beyond her power as manifested in a military manner. He shuns intercourse with the outer barbarian, for the customs of his ancestors are sacred in his eyes, and he considers the future of China bound up with devotion to the existing order of things. A highly cultivated missionary who can confer with learned Chinese scholars can do much to remove unfounded prejudice in the small circle of his acquaintance, and this I be-

lieve he does. The Chinaman who sees daily the good work done by a white man, if he does not himself become a Christian, at least lays aside the desire to murder him.

It is worth noting that where the white man in China is seen most frequently, there, little by little, he has awakened the most tolerance amongst the natives. How, then, can we account for the strange massacres that have taken place at short intervals, not merely in the interior, but at treaty ports like the one at Tientsin in 1870? A study of the different assaults upon foreigners in China forces us reluctantly to the conclusion that in almost every case these have been instigated and carried out, if not by Government agents, at least with their consent and approval. The public is officially informed, in every case, that such and such a mission station was destroyed by the mob, and that the Chinese Government could not possibly prevent such outbreaks. The Chinese Government, however, has always succeeded in punishing severely any disobedience against its own orders. It is only when the victim is a white man that the mandarins prove powerless to interfere. Even when ringleaders have been indicated, these have always found Chinese protection; and, in short, China from top to bottom has given abundant evidence that she does not desire to maintain her share in treaties which encourage white people to reside in the Celestial Empire.

The German Emperor, when he avenged the death of his missionaries by seizing Kiao Chao, acted in a manner strange to our rules of international law, but under the circumstances he gave China a lesson that she sadly required. It is a lesson which should be repeated on every fitting occasion; for, in the last three centuries, it is the only one by which she has ever profited in her intercourse with the white man.

In 1647, the East India Company commenced British trade with China by sending to the Canton River the four good ships "Dragon," "Sun," "Catherine," and "Anne." They anchored off the Bogue Forts, and at the request of the mandarins waited for the promised trade facilities. They waited four days, at the end of which time the Chinese forts opened fire upon them with "forty-six of iron-caste ordnance, each piece between six and seven hundredweight." The ancient chronicler then remarks: "Here-with the whole fleet, being instantly incensed, did on a sudden display the bloody ensign." The result of it was a landing party,

the capture of the Fort, and an excellent understanding with the mandarins. From Canton River, in 1647, to Kiao Chao Bay, in 1897, no better method of dealing with official China has yet been devised. It has always been the same old story of official mendacity and treachery, followed by an explosion of wrath and violence from the white man's side, after which has ensued a period of good understanding and trade expansion.

Up to the time when Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England, Anglo-Saxon traders were tolerated at Canton much as infected emigrants are treated in New York harbor. They were the victims of official insolence and interference; forbidden to have their wives and families with them; forbidden to go into the country; forbidden to enter the Chinese city. No Chinaman was allowed to give them instruction, and their intercourse was strictly limited to officials specially selected. No changes have been effected during the many years that have passed, save such as have been wrung from an unwilling government by threats of bombardment. The white man has had no serious war with China, speaking in a European sense. The Opium War, the Lorch Arrow War, the Anglo-French Expedition of 1860—these and similar smaller enterprises were all undertaken to avenge gross breaches of the law of nations. The history of England's intercourse with China shows but too clearly that, so far from having misused her strength in bullying a weaker nation, she has, to an extraordinary extent, submitted to official insult and violation of treaty rights rather than have recourse to force.

When Commodore Perry anchored his fleet in Yeddo Bay, less than half a century ago, he awakened a people artificially hampered by mediæval custom, but whose bodies and brains pulsed to the calls of the nineteenth century. Japan arose as one man, and to-day honors the name of Perry with a fervor only second to that which we have for Christopher Columbus. Europe has been thundering at the gates of China for three hundred years, but this thunder has started no more echo than moist fire-crackers. One city of China may be smashed to pieces, but the next takes no interest in it. A whole province may be overrun by the enemy without calling forth any help from its neighbors. Through generation after generation of officialism, ignorant, retrograde and corrupt, the great body of China has become torpid, and will remain so for just so long as the white man permits the

present administration to persist. The vast official body of China has, or believes that it has, a direct pecuniary interest in the repression, or at least the discouragement, of foreign intercourse. The official ring of China covers that country to a degree not far removed from that to which Tammany Hall controls New York. The mandarin has large vested interests which are all threatened by intercourse with people of our education; consequently the rulers of cities encourage their people to believe that dirty streets are good, and that pestilence must be combated by backsheesh to the priests. The white man forms a settlement wherein the streets are cleaned, lighted and policed; where hospitals care for the sick; where courts of justice are open to all. Such things as these are an abomination to the orthodox Chinese official, to the same degree that the late Colonel Waring, who first cleaned the streets of New York, was an eyesore to professional politicians.

Chinese officialdom is at war with the white man's civilization, and it fights with the weapons it deems most effective. Gunboats and battalions are not to its taste. So it makes a treaty every paragraph of which it proceeds to nullify the moment the ink is dry. It instigates murder, and then explains officially that it was the mob that was responsible.

In 1858 there was signed the famous treaty of Tientsin. The eighth article of this treaty is regarded as something of a Magna Charta, at least by the missionary. It reads:

"The Christian religion, as professed by Protestants or Roman Catholics, inculcates the practice of virtue and teaches man to do as he would be done by. Persons teaching it, or professing it, therefore, shall alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities, nor shall any such, peaceably pursuing their calling, and not offending against the laws, be persecuted or interfered with."

So far as paper and ink are concerned, the white man in China has secured as much official protection as he needs for carrying on trade or conducting missionary enterprise. But, side by side with these generous treaty concessions, the Chinese Government has tolerated the systematic incitement of the mob to every act calculated to make treaties of no avail. So far back as 1754, foreign residents complained that "injurious posters were annually put up by the government, accusing foreigners of horrible crimes, and intended to expose them to the contempt of the populace."

Even then, the accusations were made that missionaries gouged out the eyes of foundlings and mutilated women in a vile manner—charges which have been persisted in to our day. When vigorously addressed by a combination of foreign powers, the Peking government has always officially repudiated the authors of these posters; but at the same time it has given private intimation that this propaganda was pleasing to the Emperor. Indeed, those who publish the filthy posters invoke official sanction by printing, as preface, the *Sacred Edict*—a sort of paternal address from the throne promulgated by the joint efforts of two canonized emperors some two centuries ago. Dr. Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," says that this document is regarded as a most sacred command, which is proclaimed throughout the Empire by the local officers on the 1st and 15th days of every month.

As a pendant of the Tientsin Treaty it is worth preserving. It reads thus:

"With respect to heterodox books not in accordance with the teachings of the sages, and those tending to excite and disturb the people, to give rise to differences and irregularities, and to undermine the foundations of all things; all such teach corrupt and dangerous doctrines which must be suppressed and exterminated. . . . From ancient times, the three religions have been propagated together. Besides Confucianism, which holds the pre-eminence, we have Buddhism and Taoism. . . . There is, however, a class of vagabond adventurers (Christian) who under the pretext of teaching these systems (Buddhism, etc.), bring them into the greatest disrepute, making false parade of what is propitious and unpropitious, and of future rewards and punishments, for the purpose of giving currency to their foolish and unfounded stories. Their object in the beginning is to make a living. By degrees they collect men and women into promiscuous gatherings for the purpose of burning incense. . . . The worst of all is that there lurk within these assemblies treacherous, depraved and designing persons, who form dangerous combinations and pledge themselves to each other by oaths. They meet in darkness and disperse at dawn. They imperil their lives, sin against righteousness, and deceive and entrap the people. . . . Such is the religion of the West, which reveres the Lord of heaven. It also is not to be regarded as orthodox. Because its teachers (the early Jesuits) were well versed in mathematics, our government made use of them. Of this you must not be ignorant. As to unauthorized doctrines which deceive the people, our laws cannot tolerate them. For false and corrupt teachers our government has fixed punishments."

Thus with one hand the Chinese Government promises the white man legal protection, and with the other pledges his favor to the mob when it guts the missionary compound and murders the unorthodox inmates.

The public misrepresentations of the spirit and aims of the Christian religion and of the objects which animate Christian missionaries in their work are almost incredible. I have before me a specimen of the posters which are from time to time exhibited throughout the country with a view to bring indignation and contempt upon the foreigner. It represents our Saviour in the shape of a hog. He is being worshipped by two "foreign devils," the one marked "teacher," the other "disciple." These two are branded with the most insulting epithets known to Chinese vocabulary, notably those indicating lack of sexual virtue. One inscription reads: "This is the beast which the foreign devils follow. The hog's skin and bristles are still upon him."

Down the left-hand side of the picture and in the middle of the poster are inscriptions which are absolutely too obscene for publication.

The interest of this poster lies not in its indecency and quaint exhibition of ignorance, but in the fact that it has been distributed with official connivance throughout China; that it has been exposed in public places alongside of imperial edicts forbidding the publication of such posters; and that whenever massacres have taken place the mob has been first inflamed by teaching of this nature.

In 1870, on the 21st of June, the mob at Tientsin attacked the French mission, murdering ten Sisters of Mercy, amongst others. This massacre was followed by a trial which even the most careful students of things Chinese regarded as a fraud. A dozen or so of innocent coolies were decapitated, but the real authors were rewarded, because they were high in office. In the midst of the Franco-German War this horrible massacre was little noticed in Europe; and, after all, it differed only in degree from a dozen others, all instigated by the official organization which prepared the filthy posters to which I have referred.

The Tientsin massacres were preceded by a flood of posters teaching the mob that missionary establishments abducted native women and children for purposes of mutilation.

Every diabolical practice is attributed to missionaries, not merely for religious purposes, but for the mere greed of money.

The Chinaman is taught to think that they extract the eyes of his dead countrymen in order to use them in the manufacture of precious metals. Some recent cartoons even accuse Christians

of gouging Chinese eyes out before death. One cartoon exhibits to the mob two murderous missionaries in the act of taking out eyes, while a couple of blind Chinamen are groping about in misery. This cartoon is headed: "The Hog Sect gouging out the eyes." A popular pamphlet distributed by officials for the purpose of inciting hatred of the foreigner makes this statement:

"In case of funerals, the religious teachers eject all the relatives and friends from the house, and the corpse is put into the coffin with closed doors. Both eyes are secretly taken out, and the orifices sealed up with plaster. This is what is called 'sealing the eyes for the Western journey.' . . . The reason for extracting the eyes is this: From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead eight pounds of silver can be extracted, and the remaining ninety-two pounds of lead can be sold at the original cost, but the only way to obtain this silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose, hence they do not take out the eyes of their own people, but only those of the Chinese. The method by which the silver is obtained has never been discovered by any of the native Christians, during the long period in which this religion has been propagated here."

No trash is too silly so long as it charges cruelty, lewdness, and money-greed to the white man in general, and to the missionary in particular. At a distance of ten thousand miles, we can afford to smile at these infantile productions and pity the perpetrators, as did John Huss those who reviled him. But to the white man on the spot these are more than the squibs of mischievous children. They are the programme of a government too weak to establish sound administration, but strong enough to obstruct the white man in his efforts at reform.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.